RC

$1.50

$2.00 CANADA

No. 1

VANITY™

IT'S ALL NEW *EXCITEMENT* FROM THE **STONE AGE...**

TO THE **SPACE AGE...**

© WILL MEUGNIOT

Hello, dear Reader —

Welcome to *Vanity #1,* the first issue of a new comic title by Pacific Comics. *Vanity* will be coming to visit you again in a mere thirty days, after which the comic will adopt a regular bi-monthly schedule.

Here is a rollicking, rolling heroine who'll bring a lot of the *fun* back into your comic reading. This series blends science fiction, romance, humor, espionage and slam-bang action into a smooth and creamy graphic that will leave you refreshed.

Will Meugniot is handling writing, pencils and inks on each of *Vanity's* eighteen page adventures. Will has built up quite a following with his outstanding work on *DNAgents* (published by Eclipse). He is lavishing extra special care on *Vanity,* and it really shows.

Will has always been a fine "good girl" artist, and you'll find few gals who are "gooder" than Vanity.

We regretfully announce that the regularly scheduled back-up feature to *Vanity,* "Avalone," will begin in issue #2: not issue #1 as previously stated. The reason for this is that inker Dan Adkins found himself seriously over committed, and was thereby unable to meet the deadline. This series is truly one of the nicest we've ever published, and we're sorry that you'll have to wait. You won't have to wait very long, though, as *Vanity #2* will follow the first issue in a mere thirty days. It will assume bi-monthly status after #2. We honestly think that David Ross is one of the major finds of the past several years. He plots, pencils and colors "Avalone." He is ably assisted by David Campiti (script), Cody (letters) and David Scroggy's editorial hand.

Here is the concept of "Avalone": in 2360, the concept of "people" is changing. For individuals, the dreaded holocaust is a dim and fading memory on an Earth reborn. Oracle, a computer installation constructed by Man to predict sociological development, coordinates the New Colonies. These colonies consist mostly of mutated insect species, but are homogenous in nature, including even remnants of the human population.

Amidst this changing world is the city-state of Avalone, the "last refuge of Mankind." A domed city, Avalone was created as an experiment in self-sufficiency before the holocaust. Now it is the only thriving human settlement on Earth, maintaining an uneasy co-existence with the developing New Colonies.

In 2360 an expedition to the out planets returns, bringing with it a seemingly lifeless creature found orbiting Pluto. That creature becomes active upon reaching Earth, managing to take control of one of the New Colonies. Realizing that the comuter Oracle is the key to controlling all the New Colonies, this alien, calling himself Krodon, works feverishly to locate it. Oracle is immobile, and thus vulnerable if found. It devises a scheme to use humans, and those of Avalone in particular, in it's struggle against the alien usurper.

But this is a story of human will and survival, which none can own or control.

The two features combine to provide an engaging counterpoint. Production values are first class all the way. Check us out in May.

— D. Scroggy
Editor

VANITY, Vol. 1, No. 1 June 1984. Published bi-monthly by Pacific Comics. David Scroggy, Editor. Bill Schanes and Steve Schanes, Publishers. Steve Schanes, Art Director. Paul Tallerday, Production Coordinator. Lynn Cobb, Graphic Artist. Kevin Montano, Ken Kruger and Bob Ranken, Circulation Managers. Office of Publication: 8423 Production Avenue, San Diego, California 92121-2278, U.S.A. Telephone (619) 566-3290. *Vanity*™ is ©1984 by Will Meugniot. *Avalone*™ is ©1984 by David Ross. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or part without written permission of the copyright holders. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead persons and/or institutions is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. *Vanity* art, story and front cover art is ©1984 by Will Meugniot. *Escape From Fire* and *Welcome Home* art and story ©1984 by The Joe Kubert School. A Pacific Comics production. Printed in the U.S.A.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG IN THE WORLD TODAY, VANITY IS TO BLAME!

VANITY 2

TM

COME ON, GUYS!

THE *FUN* STARTS *NOW!*

VHY DO I VORRY VHEN SHE SAYS DOTT?

STORY AND ART: *WILL MEUGNIOT* | LETTERING: *ROYER & CODY* | COLORING: *JO MEUGNIOT*

CAPTAIN'S LOG: OUR NEW HOMELAND IS IN SIGHT. THE VOYAGE OF THREE GENERATIONS IS COMPLETE...

CAPTAIN! INCOMING ARTIFICIAL PROJECTILE!

COLLISION IMMINENT!

OH NO! IT HIT THE MAIN GYRO-STABILIZER!

WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

THERE! ON THE THIRD PLANET'S MOON—!

AAAIIEE!

WE'VE LOST A REACTOR MODULE!

IT WAS SHORN OFF BY THE IMPACT!

WHAT DID WE HIT BACK THERE?

IT'S A RADIO DEVICE, SIR...

OUR STRIKING IT SEEMS TO HAVE SET IT OFF. IT'S SENDING TWO SIGNALS, ONE TO THE PLANET BELOW, AND ONE INTO DEEP SPACE!

CAPTAIN'S LOG: THE DREAM OF THREE GENERATIONS HAS ENDED TODAY...

UPON ENTERING THE SOLAR SYSTEM OUR ANCESTORS HAD CHOSEN FOR OUR COLONIZATION ATTEMPT, WE WERE ATTACKED. OUR SUBSEQUENT CRASH LANDING ACTIVATED AN ALARM DEVICE. WE MUST ASSUME THE PEOPLE WHOSE DEFENSES WE HAVE UNWITTINGLY TRIGGERED ARE HOSTILE...

AND BE PREPARED TO MEET FORCE WITH FORCE.

WHILE DOWN BELOW, ON EARTH···

VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA···

SCREEE!

SCREEEEEEEEE!

SCREEE!

SCREEE!

SCP

CHECK, UNIT ONE!

EEEEEE!

THIS IS AIR UNIT ONE! SUSPECTS SIGHTED ENTERING ALLEY, 5600 BLOCK, VAN NUYS BOULEVARD!

COME ON IN, BOYS!

I THINK WE'VE GOT 'EM *CORNERED*···

THIS ALLEY'S A--

DEAD END!

MA'NAN! WE'RE TRAPPED!

DON'T WORRY···

MA'NAN WILL PROTECT YOU, *VANITY!*

MA'NAN IS THE *STRONGEST!* *MA'NAN* IS THE···

MA'NAN IS THE ONE WHO GOT US INTO THIS BIND!

AW, *VAN*··· IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT! THE GUY TRIED TO *CHEAT* ME—!

ATTENTION! YOU IN THE ALLEY!!

COME OUT PEACEFULLY, OR WE'LL HAVE TO COME IN AND GET YOU!

DIDJA' SEE THE MESS THAT GUY MADE BACK THERE?

YEAH, BUT THAT FRY COOK MUST'VE BEEN LYING! *NO ONE* IS TOUGH ENOUGH T'DO SOMETHING LIKE *THAT!*

KEEP THE COPS OFF MY BACK A MINUTE SO I CAN CALL *PROF* TO BAIL US OUT OF HERE!

O.K.

I CAN BOTTLE 'EM UP IN THERE WITH MY CAR, CAPTAIN!

GOOD IDEA, MIKE! MOVE INTO THE ALLEY, BUT TAKE IT NICE AND SLOW. THAT GUY'S AS STRONG AS AN OX!

FLORES

O.K., *MOM*, DON'T SWEAT IT, YOUR LITTLE MIKEY'LL PLAY IT NICE!

SHE-OOT!

GET IT MOVING, OFFICER FLORES!

ALRIGHT! I'M MOVIN'!

EASY! EASY THERE, BIG GUY!

GRRR!

NO ONE'S GOING TO HURT YOU…

GRRA

EASY! *EASY!*

HEY!

GRRR!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DO—

KAWHAM!

SPLONK!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! RUSH 'EM! MIKE MAY BE *HURT*—!

PLOK!

MY CAR

FLORES! *FLORES!* ARE YOU *ALRIGHT?*

HE…HE S-SLUGGED MY CAR… THEN HE AND THE GIRL START-ED TO SPARKLE… AND THEY VANISHED… JUST VANISHED… LIKE STAR TREK OR SOMETHING…

CAPTAIN, CAN I GO HOME NOW?

HIGH ABOVE THE BAFFLED COPS' HEADS, TWIN BEAMS OF LIGHT ARC TOWARD THE CONTROL ROOM OF *VANITY'S* AMAZING SPACESHIP, THE *FALLEN STAR*...

SCHTART DER RE-INTEGRATION!

YOU KNOW, IT'S GETTING *IMPOSSIBLE* TO TAKE YOU *ANYWHERE!*

SCHTARTED!

FIFE, FOUR, TREE, DOO, VUN...

AW, VAN... *I'M SORRY—!*

RE-INTEGRATION COMPLETE!

VELCOME HOME, *VANITY!* HOW VAS DER TRIP?

AWFUL!

PROF, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THIS MORON DID TO GET THE POLICE AFTER US?

NO, BUDT I CHUST CAN'T VAIT TO HEAR!

HE PUNCHED OUT A... A *BURGER BOSS* DRIVE-IN!

A DRIFE-IN? REALLY?

A DRIVE-IN. *REALLY!*

C'MON... IT'S NOT *MY* FAULT! THEY TRIED TO *CHEAT* ME!

OH, REALLY.

YEAH! YA' SEE, *BURGER BOSS* HAS BEEN HAVIN' LOTSA' TEEVEE ADS FOR THESE TOY *DINOSAURS!*

AMAZING, ISN'T IT?!

OUR NEW BOSSOSAURUS™ BURGER

"FREE WITH ANY PURCHASE", THEY SAY!

BUT WHEN *VAN* AN' ME GOT DOWN THERE, THE GUY WOULDN'T GIVE ME MY *TOYS!* HAD TO BE "TWELVE OR UNDER", HE SAID!

OBFIOUSLY MENTAL AGE VASN'T A FACTOR!

OBVIOUSLY.

SO, I TOLD HIM I WAS *MA'NAN*, THE MIGHTY HUNTER AN' I *WANTED* MY *TOYS*... AND HE *LAUGHED!*

SO... I PUNCHED OUT HIS HAMBURGER STAND!

THEN HE GAVE ME MY TOYS!

AS MANY AS I WANTED.

THEN HE CALLED THE POLICE! NOT THAT HE NEEDED TO... PUNCHING OUT A HAMBURGER STAND MAKES FOR QUITE A MESS!

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE *GREASE*...

SCHPEAKING UFF VHICH, YOUR FRIENDS IN WASHINGTON UND MOSCOW CALLED! DEY VANT YOUR HELP AGAIN!

GRR... GRR...

GOOD! MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO DO THAT'LL KEEP BANANA BRAINS OUT OF TROUBLE FOR A WHILE!

GRR...

GRRR...

TWENTY-THREE MINUTES LATER, THE FALLEN STAR MAJESTICALLY SWEEPS OVER THE HORIZON AND RUMBLES TO A STOP OVER WASHINGTON, D.C. ...*

NO! MA'NAN, YOU CAN'T GO SEE *HAYDEN* AT THE O.S.A. WITH ME! NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED *LAST* TIME!

AW *VAN!* IT WASN'T *MY* FAULT!

VE KNOW... YOU THOUGHT IT VAS CHUST A VIDEO GAME!

*NOTE: THE FALLEN STAR HAS ITS INVISIBILITY SCREEN AND FORCE FIELD UP SO IT CAN'T BE SEEN OR HURT!

CUTAWAY VIEW OF O.S.A. (OFFICE OF SCIENTIFIC ADVANCEMENT) HEADQUARTERS, HOME OF AMERICA'S ESPIONAGE ELITE... *

O.S.A. BUILDING

INTERNAL MONITORING

INTRAGOVERNMENT SURVEILLANCE

INTERNATIONAL INTELLIGENCE UNIT

O.S.A. ICBM LAUNCH STATION

SECURITY CHECKPOINT

SNIK

OFFICE OF O.S.A'S HEAD MAN, HAYDEN SEIKE

BLAST IT!

SNIKKA SNIK

*NOTE: This classified information is presented for your reading enjoyment. Do not show this comic to known enemy agents or subversives.

I CAN'T GET ALL THE SIDES TO COME TOGETHER ON THIS THING!

SNIK SNIK

SNIFF... SNIFF... AH, THAT WONDERFUL SCENT! HELLO, VANITY!

DOESN'T IT BOTHER YOU THAT I BREEZED BY O.S.A. SECURITY AGAIN?

SNIK SNIK

NO. THE ONLY THING THAT BOTHERS ME IS THIS BLASTED CUBE! YOU'LL NEVER GET THE DROP ON ME... I CAN ALWAYS TELL YOU'RE NEAR BY THAT LOVELY LILAC PERFUME YOU WEAR!

SNIKKA SNIK

I TAKE IT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME ABOUT THOSE RADIO SIGNALS COMING FROM THE MOON!

HUH? HOW'D YOU KNOW?

BORIS TOLD ME.

BORIS! YOU'VE *ALREADY* BEEN TO *MOSCOW*?

THEY DID CALL *FIRST*...

WHAT DID YOU TELL *THEM*?

THE SAME THING I'M TELLING YOU...

I'M GOING AFTER WHATEVER'S MAKING THAT SIGNAL FOR MYSELF!

AND *YOU* AND THE *SOVIETS* HAD BETTER KEEP OUT OF *MY* WAY!

B-BUT YOU *CAN'T*...

I CAN

VANITY! HELP!

THIS IS VANITY.! I COPY YOU.! WHAT'S WRONG?

THE FALLEN STAR'S INVISIBILITY SCREEN AND FORCE FIELD *SHORTED OUT.!* WE'RE UNDER *ATTACK.!*

BLAM!

BLAM! IT'S AWFUL! BOOM!

HAYDEN.! STOP THE ATTACK.!

I CAN'T.! THE MILITARY DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THE O.S.A. EXISTS!

BEAM ME ABOARD! HURRY.!

BEAM TIMER SET FOR 20 SECONDS

KRRRRRR

AAAARRGH!

ma'nan

IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO MA'NA--

--ER, MY CREW!

THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY!

SOMEHOW I KNEW THAT...

WHILE OVERHEAD...

VANITY, VELCOME ABOARD DER VHORLD'S BIGGEST SITTINK DUCK!

WHERE'S MA'NAN?

HE'S O.K., ISN'T HE?

EXCEPT MY FOOT!

EDSEL HERE TIPPED OVER AN' FELL ON IT!

YOU... I THOUGHT YOU WERE... I WAS...

OH, NEVER MIND!

VAIT! I DINK I'FE GODT DER POWER...

...BACK TO DER SCREENS!

HUH? WHERE'D IT GO?

AN HOUR LATER IN THE CARIBBEAN...

HOW BAD'S THE DAMAGE, PROF?

BAD. DER MAIN PROPULSION ISHT DOWN UND DER FORCE FIELD ISHT DOWN... VE'RE IN BIG DROUBLE! UND DO YOU KNOW VHY?

NO. WHY?

SOMEVUN PUDT DIS PENNY IN DER MAIN FUSE BOX!

ma'nan

MA'NAN!

MANAN!

THERE.! THIS MATTER TRANSMUTER DATA INPUT BAY IS FULLY OPERATIONAL!

HEY, EDSEL.! LOOKIT MY DINOSAUR TOYS.!

SEE, THEY HAVE THE HEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF THE REAL DINOSAURS PRINTED RIGHT THERE ON THEIR TAILS.!

MA'NAN

UH-OH.!

YOU IDIOT!

MORON.!

HUH?

thank you for using matter transmuter input bay five. your data has been entered.

HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE FUSES?!

currently ship repairs are priority one. your order will be filled on priority two.

AW, VAN... I'M SORRY.!

SORRY ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH THIS TIME! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT.!

-AHEM- VE BOTH KNOW MA'NAN HASHT DER BRAINS UFF A BROCKVURST, BUT VEREN'T YOU CHUST A BIT HARD ON...

PROF.!

sob!

THE ONLY THING I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU IS HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE TO GET TO THE MOON!

NORMALLY CHUST AN HOUR, BUDT MIDT *DIS DAMAGE*... ABOUDT *SIXTY* HOURS!

AND HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE THE RUSSIANS OR AMERICANS TO MAKE THE FLIGHT?

ABOUDT DER SAME. GIFF OR TADKE AN HOUR.

PROF! VAN!

IT'S ON TEEVEE! THE RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS LAUNCHED MOON EXPEDITIONS *AN HOUR AGO!*

WHAT, *BA'TOOTY?*

PROF! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM! WE'VE GOT TO!

VE'LL TRY! VE'LL TRY!

I'FE NEFFER SEEN HER SO UPSET! I VONDER VHAT SHE KNOWS ABOUDT DIS BUSINESS SHE HASN'T TOLD ME...

LATER... MISSION TIME: 02:11:59...

LOOK AT THE CLOCK! IT'S BEEN TWO HOURS AND WE KEEP DROPPING FARTHER BEHIND!

DON'T VORRY! I EXPECTED DIS!

VE'LL SHTARDT TO GAIN ON THEM AT ABOUDT THIRDTY HOURS, MISSION TIME!

DOT'S VHEN VE SHOULD BE ABLE TO USE SOME UFF DER MAIN ENCHINS AGA'N!

MISSION TIME: 12:14:06...

HOW'RE REPAIRS COMING?

GOODT! VE'RE CANNIBALIZING ALL NON-ESSENTIAL--

NO!

NOT TEDDY LION!

ALL NON-ESSENTIAL MATERIALS ABOARD DER SHIP TO GIFF DER MATTER TRANSMUTER DER MASS TO MAKE NEW PARTS!

THIS IS THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE! SNIFF

MISSION TIME: 23:57:30

GOODT NEWS! VE'LL HAFF POWER BACK AS SOON ASH MA'NAN PUDTS IN DER LAST FUSE!

MA'NAN? I DON'T THINK THAT'S SUCH A GOOD...

EEP!

MISSION TIME: 31 :25.57

UFF COURSE VE'RE SHTILL LOSINK GROUND ON DEM.! THANKS TO MA'NAN VE'RE ONLY MOFINK MIDT INERTIA!

VAN... I...I...

JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, OK?

MISSION TIME: 36:01:43

I'M SCARED...

SO I'FE NOTICED. BUDT VHY?

VHAT DOES DIS MOON BUSINESS HAFF TO DO MIDT YOU?

YOU KNOW HOW I'VE ALWAYS TOLD YOU THAT *I* BUILT THE FALLEN STAR?

I LIED!

NO KIDDINK.!

IT STARTED *AGES* AGO, BACK WHEN WE ALL LIVED IN THE CAVES...

"EVERYONE LOOKED LIKE REAL CAVEMEN BACK THEN... EVERYONE BUT ME...

"AND BECAUSE I WAS DIFFERENT, EVERYONE BUT MA'NAN HATED ME AND CALLED ME...

UGLY ONE!

YOU *LIE* UGLY ONE.!

I DO NOT.!

KA-POW

MA'NAN, THE MIGHTY HUNTER, THE SON OF THE CHIEF COULD *NEVER LOVE YOU.!*

SHUT UP, BA'TOOTY!

AIEEE!

Y-YOU SCRATCHED ME... MY FACE... MY FACE!

I'LL KILL YOU!

OW!

OOOF!

SMASH

gasp!

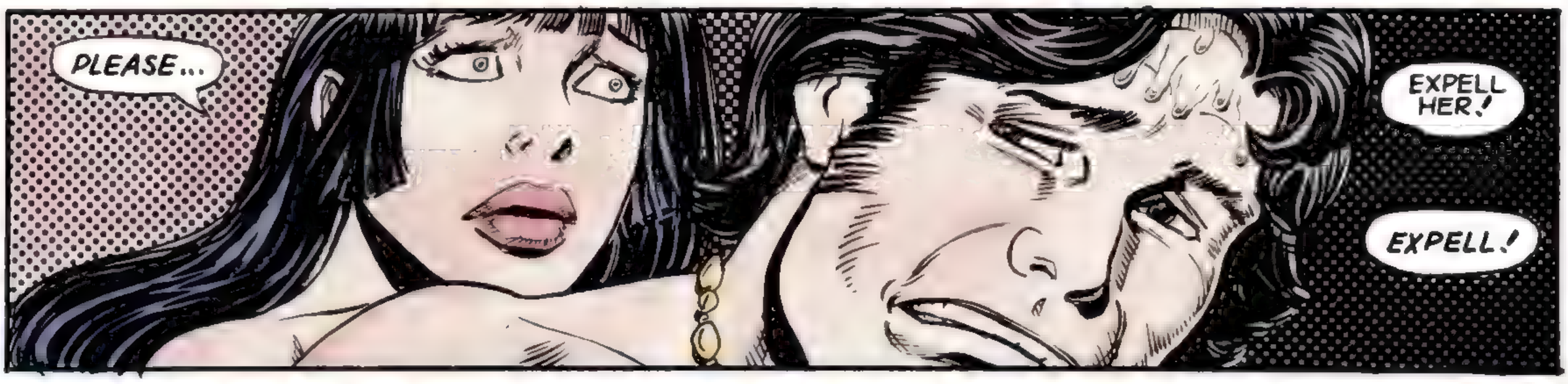
STOP!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

THE UGLY ONE IS A LIAR!

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES YOU AND YOU LOVE HER!

TELL THEM, MA'NAN! PLEASE TELL THEM!



Next Issue: AFTER THE FALL : A SCENT OF LILAC !

ESCAPE FROM FIRE

IT IS NIGHT, DARK AND FORBIDDING... WITHIN THE STOCKADE, THEY LEAP AND SHOUT LIKE WILD THINGS AROUND THE FIRE...

IN THE HUT, HE IS WET WITH *FEAR*...

HE WATCHES THEM TWIST AND LEAP... FONDLING THE FIRE! *HE* KNOWS FULL WELL HOW THEY *USE* THE FLAMES ...TO *INFLICT PAIN!*

JW ROLIN '83

THEY WILL USE THE FIRE ON *HIM*... TO *CHANGE* HIM... TO MAKE HIM DIFFERENT...

...OR... TO *KILL* HIM!

Colors: **MARCUS DAVID**

BUT...HE *WILL* GET LOOSE...HE *MUST* ESCAPE...

SNAP!

...ESCAPE...

...ESCAPE!

RUN... AWAY FROM HIS OPPRESSORS...

...BEFORE THEY DISCOVER HIM! RUN...*NOW!*

STRENGTH IGNITED FROM DESPERATION PROPELS HIM UP THE STOCKADE WALL...

UP... *UP...*

...AND *OVER!*

HE KNOWS THEY WILL FOLLOW... THEY WILL CATCH HIM--LIKE THE OTHERS... AND BRING HIM *BACK!*

HE VOWS HE WILL *NEVER* GO BACK!

HEART POUNDING AGAINST HIS CHEST, HE RUNS...

THEY FOLLOW... CLOSE BY HIS HEELS... SCREAMING FOR HIS CAPTURE!

HE MUST HIDE...

...BUT... WHERE?

A SHADOWY PLACE IN THE UNDERBRUSH...

...QUIET!

PERHAPS THEY WILL NOT SEE HIM...

...PERHAPS...

...HE IS SAFE!

THE WILD DOGS SNARL...FANGS DRIPPING SALIVA ...READY TO BATTLE FOR FOOD!

FOOD...!

HIS BELLY ACHES FOR FOOD ...HE HAS NOT EATEN FOR A LONG TIME!

HIS FEAR OF CAPTURE IS OVERWHELMED BY HIS HUNGER...

HE WILL KILL FOR THE FOOD!

GRRRR

THE LAST DOG WILL NOT RELINQUISH THE MEAT... AS ITS MUSCLES TENSE AND BACK HAIRS STAND ON END!

GROWWRRR

NEITHER WILL RETREAT...IT WILL BE A FIGHT TO THE DEATH!

THEY HAVE FOUND HIM!

IF THEY CAPTURE HIM, HE KNOWS HIS FATE WILL BE PAIN... IN THE FIRE... TO CHANGE HIM!

HE CAN FEEL THEIR HATE... SMELL IT!

NO! HE WILL NOT GO BACK!

HE...

...WILL...

...NOT...

...GO...

...BACK!

THE PAIN... IS LIKE A FIRE IN HIS CHEST! BUT, NOW--AT LEAST--THEY CANNOT TAKE HIM BACK! NOW... HE CAN ONLY DIE!

...DIE!

YEAH, SARGE...THAT'S RIGHT... AN ESCAPED **PSYCHO** FROM MEMORIAL STATE! IN THERE FOR OBSERVATION...

HE BROKE OUT OF HIS CELL-- KILLED AN ORDERLY--RAN ALMOST **NAKED** THROUGH THE **BACK ALLEYS!**

BY THE TIME WE GOT HERE, HE'D KILLED **TWO STRAY DOGS** WHO'RE FIGHTIN' OVER SOME **GARBAGE** ...AN' STARTED **EATIN'** THE MESS!

YUCK!

HE GOT TO A **FIRE-ESCAPE**...UP TO THE ROOF O' THE BUILDIN'...STARTED TOSSIN' **BRICKS** DOWN AT US! WE TRIED TO JUST **WING** HIM...BUT--

HIS DOCTOR SAID HE WAS SUFFERIN' FROM **PARANOIA--SCHIZO-PHRENIA**--AN' DELUSIONS OF PERSECUTION!

FUNNY, BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE **COULD'VE** BEEN CURED...ONLY THE POOR GUY HAD A **FIXATION** ABOUT THE **SHOCK TREATMENTS** HE HAD TO TAKE!

YEAH... SWORE THEY'D **NEVER** GET HIM TO **TAKE 'EM!** GUESS HE WAS **RIGHT,** SARGE...

The End

THE WAR GOES ON... ETERNALLY! IN THIS YEAR OF 4300 A.D., *EARTH* IS UNDER SIEGE BY THE *DOREKS*... A BELIGERENT RACE FROM AN ALIEN SOLAR SYSTEM...

IN *WAR TIME*, THERE ARE *PROFITS* TO BE MADE... BY PIRATE SHIPS LIKE THE "*VIENNA*"!

S/S VIENNA

IT'S BEEN *THREE MONTHS*, CAP'N ...SINCE WE HIT A TRANSPORT!

WE'RE RUNNIN' *LOW* ON PROVISIONS!

HOLD IT! I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP ON OUR SCREEN...

WELCOME HOME

WHAT DO YOU SEE, CRAIG?

LIKE NO SHIP I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE, CAP'N! BUT--SHE LOOKS *FAT* AN' *RICH*!

LOOKS LIKE SHE *AIN'T ARMED*, EITHER! LET'S *TAKE 'ER*...

NO... *STOP!*

BJØRN OUSLAND

Colors: **DARYL ISAACS**

HELMSMAN... HOLD YOUR COURSE!

WE'RE NOT TAKING THAT SHIP!

ARE YOU KIDDIN' CAP'N? THAT'S A RICH PRIZE...

YEAH, AN EASY TARGET, TOO!

YOU HEARD ME! WE STAY ON COURSE...

IT MIGHT BE MONTHS BEFORE WE SIGHT ANOTHER TRANSPORT...

WE NEED SUPPLIES!

WE CAN SELL WHAT WE CAN'T USE...

YEAH... AN' MAY-BE THEY GOT SOME WOMEN ABOARD!

ADAM

I SAID NO!

THEN... WE'RE TAKING OVER!

YOU'VE JUST BEEN VOTED OUT OF OFFICE, CAP'N!

THAT'S... MUTINY!

MUTINY? NAW... THAT'S *DEMOCRACY IN ACTION!*

BEFORE WE KILL HER... LET'S GET A *GOOD LOOK AT HER!*

I ALWAYS WANTED TO *SEE* WHAT WAS *UNDER* THAT UNIFORM!

NO!

WHAT THE...

SH-SHE WAS... AN *ANDROID!*

HOLD IT! THERE'S SOMETHIN' *MOVIN'* INSIDE...

IT'S... A DOREK!

KILL IT!

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU GUYS...

THAT DOREK'S NO USE TO US DEAD!

WHAT D'YA MEAN, CRAIG?

LET'S TAKE IT DOWN TO EARTH... FOR A REWARD! THE MILITARY'D PAY PLENTY FOR A DOREK SPY!

YEAH... I'M TIRED OF LIVIN' IN THIS SHIP!

I SAY WE DO LIKE CRAIG SAYS!

OK...

SET OUR COURSE FOR EARTH!

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ON TERRA FIRMA IN YEARS...

SOMETIME LATER, THE "VIENNA" LOCKS INTO ORBIT AROUND EARTH...

WE'LL BE DOWN IN AN HOUR...

GOOD OL' EARTH TREES...BARS... BATHTUBS!

WOMEN!

NO PROBLEM WITH PERMISSION TO LAND... WHEN I TOLD 'EM WE HAVE A *DOREK* PRISONER!

N.Y. LA GUARDIA SPACEP

THEY SEEMED *HAPPY* TO HEAR IT!

GOOD TIMES...HERE WE *COME!*

BJØRN 83

END